

# MEXICO DIRECTORY.

HENRY C. RIDER,  
Publisher DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Job  
work of all kinds, executed on short  
notice with neatness and dispatch.

STONE, ROBINSON & CO.,  
Main St., Manufacturers of Clothing  
to Order, and Dealers in Dry Goods,  
Ready made Clothing, Hats, Caps,  
Boots & Shoes, Oil Cloths, etc. 34

E. L. HUNTINGTON,  
Dealer in Drugs, Paints, Oils & Var-  
nish, Books, Stationery, Clocks, Watch-  
es, Jewelry, Silver and Plated-ware.  
Main street. 34

THOMAS PEPPER,  
Manufacturer of first-class heavy, fine  
and fancy, pegged and sewed Boots,  
Shoes, Repairing neatly done. Op-  
posite the Post-office. 34

JACOB T. BROWN,  
Manufacturer of and Dealer in all kinds  
of heavy light, and fancy Harnesses,  
Single and Double, Lap-ropes, Blan-  
kets and all other articles kept by the  
trade. Main street. 34

BARKER BROS.,  
Dealers in Fresh and Salt Meat, also  
Manufacturers of and dealers in Pat-  
ent Water Drawers and pumps for  
wells and cisterns.

WM. H. HALL,  
Barber and Hair Dresser. Particular  
attention paid to Shampooing, and  
the cutting of ladies' and children's  
hair. Shop on Main street. 34

CHAS. BEEBE,  
Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office  
in Morse & Irish's Insurance office.  
Main street. 34

JOHN BROWN,  
Dealer in Beef, Pork, Mutton, Veal,  
Lamb and all kinds of meat. Temple's  
old stand, corner of Main and Wash-  
ington streets. 34

S. PARKHURST,  
Keeps the largest and best assortment  
of Boots, Shoes and Rubber goods.  
Satisfaction given as to quality and  
price. Opposite Post-office.

G. G. TUBBS,  
Jeweler, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry  
repaired. All work promptly attended  
to and warranted. Shop in Gait &  
Castle's store. 34

GEO. P. JOHNSON, M.D.,  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.  
Office over Gait & Castle's. Orders  
left on SLATE will receive prompt at-  
tention. Sleeps in office. 36

C. W. RADWAY, M.D.,  
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND  
SURGEON.  
Office over Norton's store, Main St.  
Mexico. Office hours 9 to 10  
A. M., and 1 to 2 and 7 to 8 P. M. All  
calls will receive prompt attention.

G. A. PENFIELD,  
MANUFACTURER OF  
Cutters, Sleighs, &c., and first-class  
Covered or Open Brewster Buggies, or  
Road Wagons. Repairing done on  
the shortest notice. 48

B. S. STONE & CO.,  
DEALERS IN  
General Hardware, Stoves, Tin, Cop-  
per and sheet-iron ware. Agents for  
Oliver's Patent Chilled and Lawrence  
& Chapin's Diamond Iron Plows.  
Main street, Mexico, N. Y. 7y1

H. H. DOBSON,  
DENTIST.  
Nitrous oxide or laughing gas, for ex-  
tracting teeth without pain, always on  
hand. All work warranted at the low-  
est living prices. Office over H. C.  
Peck's store, Mexico, N. Y. 34

MANUAL ALPHABET AND CALL-  
ING CARDS COMBINED  
We have on hand for Deaf-mutes or  
others so desiring, calling cards of any  
size or quality, having on the reverse  
side the Manual Alphabet, which many  
people would be pleased to learn.  
PRICE LIST.

25 Cards, with name, 25 cents.  
50 " " " 50 "  
100 " " " \$1.00  
EMANUEL SOUWEINE,  
Designer and Engraver on wood,  
169 Elm Street, CINCINNATI, O.  
637 Makes a specialty of the Deaf-Mute Al-  
phabet, Monograms, Signatures, etc., etc.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE DEAF-MUTES' JOUR-  
NAL—Only \$1.50 a year.

# The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VIII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1879.

NUMBER 2.

## POETRY.

### The Bachelor's Psalm of Life.

I. N. HAMMER.

"Tell me not in idle tongue  
Bachelors life is worse than none,  
For the man whose life is single  
Really sees the greater fun.

No one yells to him like thunder,  
"Go do this," or "that" or "all,"  
But he calmly sits him under  
His own voice and his own call.

No one asks him for his money  
As he hints the Golden Rule,  
No one pats him, calls him "money"—  
Then gets mad and calls him "fool."

No one spots his snowy linen  
With a little dirty hand,  
Then resists the charm of woman  
And you'll live a life that's grand.

All your faults are buried over,  
And your life is filled with bliss,  
As you'll thank your God that never  
Things with you doth go amiss.

Deaf-Mute College, Washington, D. C.

### New Year's Morning.

Only a night from Old to New!  
Only a night, and so much wrought!  
The Old Year's heart all weary grew,  
But said, "The New Year rest had brought."  
The Old Year's heart has hopes laid down,  
As in a grave; but, harkening,  
"The blossoms of the New Year's crown  
Bloom from the ashes of the dead."  
The Old Year's heart was full of greed;  
With selfishness it longed and ached,  
And cried, "I have not half I need,—  
My thirst is bitter and unalaked."  
But to the New Year's generous hand  
All gifts in plenty shall return;  
True, loving, it shall understand.  
By all my failures it shall learn.  
I have been reckless; it shall be  
Quiet and calm, and pure of life.  
I was a slave; it shall go free,  
And find sweet peace where I leave strife."  
Only a night from Old to New!  
Never a night such changes brought.  
The Old Year had its work to do;  
The New Year miracles are wrought.  
Always a night from Old to New!  
Night and the healing balm of sleep!  
Each morn to New Year's morn some time;  
Morn of a festival to keep!  
All nights are sacred nights to make  
Confession and resolve and prayer;  
All days are sacred days to make  
New gladness in the sunny air.  
Only a night from Old to New;  
Only a sleep from night to morn;  
The new is but the old come true;  
Each sunrise sees a new year born!

### STORE TELLER.

### NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"Don't tell me about your fashion-  
able, fine folks!" said Zabbid Hooper.  
"I've lived here all my life without  
silver forks and colored waiters, and I  
calculate I'm about as well off as your  
cousin Smilax."

"But, uncle Zabbid, I should so  
like to spend New Year's Day with  
Octavia," pleaded Rosa, as she leaned  
over his shoulder and gazed with dewy  
hazel eyes into the fire.

"Nonsense!" said uncle Zabbid,  
giving the back-log such a thump with  
the poker as sent the sparks careering  
madly up the chimney back.

"Why, father, do let the child go, if  
she's a mind to," said aunt Patty.  
"Here she is eighteen years old,  
and never been out of Baker's Ledge.  
I don't blame her for wanting to—I  
should if I was in her place."

"Oh, you dear, darling aunt Patty!"  
cried little Rosa, illustrating her words  
with a kiss and a hug. "Uncle Zab-  
bid, please say yes! It's only for a  
fortnight!"

And uncle Zabbid, besieged with a  
battery of kisses, could only capitu-  
late.

So Rosa ran gleefully up stairs,  
with aunt Patty trudging after, to  
look over the items of her little ward-  
robe.

"Mind you don't wear the checked  
silk and cherry ribbons every day,  
Rosa," said the old lady.

"Oh, no!" cried Rosa, "as if I  
would! I will keep the checked silk  
for New Year's Day."

"Do they have company to tea?"  
said aunt Patty.

"Octavia says they dress up and re-  
ceive calls from gentlemen on New  
Year's Day," explained Rosa. "Oh,  
aunt Patty, how good it is of you to  
lend me that lovely lace set,—looking  
down at an angel and much darned  
mechlin collar and cuffs,—and the  
garnets that belonged to grandmam-  
ma!"

"My little girl must be as fine as  
anybody," said aunt Patty, with con-  
scious pride; "and I don't mind lend-  
ing you my gold beads for afternoon  
dress-up. If you'll promise to be very  
careful of them."

So Rosa Hooper went away through  
the driving snow of a gray December  
day, with uncle Zabbid and aunt Pat-  
ty watching her over the hedge of  
rose-garnet leaves that filled up the  
kitchen windows.

"I'm most sorry we let her go,"  
said uncle Zabbid, turning away with

a suspicious moisture in his eyes, when  
the gray pony and the red cutter were  
out of sight. "I'm afraid something  
will happen to her."

"Oh! nonsense!" said cheery aunt  
Patty. "What should happen?"  
"Something's always a-happenin',"  
said uncle Zabbid. "There was the  
shock of an earthquake last year; and  
then the Chicago fire, you know—"

"Oh, I'll risk it!" said aunt Patty.  
"And you know we can't keep our  
Rosebud shut up in a glass case al-  
ways."

"Is she absolutely going to spend  
New Year's Day here?" said Faustina  
Smilax, with a groan. "Oh, Octy, how  
could you ask her?"

"I didn't suppose she would accept  
the invitation," said Octavia, with a  
corresponding shrug of the shoulders.  
"And after spending six weeks there  
last summer, how could I help being  
ordinarily civil?"

"A perfect little rustic!" said Faust-  
tina; with a complexion like a milk-  
maid, and dresses cut in the time of  
the French Revolution. Oh, dear,  
what shall we do with her?"

"The best we can," said Octavia,  
curtly. "If she wasn't so tall, I might  
lend her my last year's tarlatan, but as  
it is—"

And a second shrug of the shoulders  
finished the sentence.

Poor little Rosebud! She came  
down stairs on New Year's Day so tri-  
umphant, in the checked silk dress,  
(which had been altered over from one  
of aunt Patty's) the mechlin lace and  
the garnets.

The gas lighted; the room decorat-  
ed with hot-house plants and flowers;  
the table sparkling with cut glass and  
silver, wines and tropical fruits; and  
the daughters of the house, attired in  
pale salmon silk dresses, with trains a  
yard and a quarter long, and decollete  
corsages, were posed at the further  
end of the apartment in the most  
graceful of attitudes.

"Oh, how lovely you are!" cried  
Rosa.

And then, for the first time, it oc-  
curred to her mind that the checked  
silk was perhaps a little faded and out  
of date. And aunt Patty's darned  
mechlin had not quite the effect of the  
quilled French blonde on Octavia's  
dress, and the garnets looked pale  
beside Faustina's turquoises.

"I wish I had a dress like yours,"  
said she, involuntarily.

Faustina tossed her head.  
"I should have thought," said she,  
"that you might have provided your-  
self with something suitable for an  
occasion like this!"

A great choking lump rose into the  
girl's throat.

"I thought the checked silk  
would do," faltered she.

And a longing came upon her to be  
back by the farm-house fire, with uncle  
Zabbid's wrinkled hand on her head,  
and aunt Patty knitting by the wall  
of geranium leaves.

"Hush!" said Faustina, sharply;  
our first call!"

Involuntarily Rosa shrank back into  
the bay-window, as a group of simper-  
ing, insane New Yorkers entered, in  
diamond studs, pinrose kids, and the  
latest sartorial triumphs. The hand-  
somest and most simpering of all hand-  
ed his hat to Rosa. My good girl,"  
said he, speaking with a lisp, "will you  
be good enough to put thith in the  
hall for me?"

Faustina burst into a shrill titter.  
Octavia looked annoyed.

"Oh, it isn't the maid," said she;  
"it's my cousin from the country. Mr.  
Defarge, let me introduce you to Miss  
Hooper."

"Beg a thousand pardons, I'm thith!"  
said Mr. Defarge, a little discom-  
fited by the moment.

"Did he really suppose I was the  
maid?" said poor Rosa, when they  
were gone.

"What else can you expect, if you  
will dress yourself so outlandishly?"  
said Octavia, sharply.

And the long-anticipated day pass-  
ed by, a succession of slights and  
mortifications to Rosa. Faustina took  
no trouble to conceal her scorn, and  
Rosa felt that her cousin Octavia was  
doing her best to keep her in the back-  
ground as much as possible.

"Oh, thought she, if I had only  
taken uncle Zabbid's advice, and re-  
mained at home!"

"Six o'clock," said Octavia, during  
a lull in the succession of calls, "and  
Mr. Poyntz has not been here yet. Oh,  
there's his carriage now! Quick,  
Fausty, with your gloves! Rosa, do  
stand back a little in the shadow.  
That dress of yours is too antique!"

For Miss Octavia's spirits were  
slightly raised by the amount of wine  
she had sipped during the day.

Rosa turned scarlet; she would  
have left the room if the dreaded Mr.  
Poyntz had not been directly in the  
way.

Tall, and grave, and handsome, he  
stood there, half frightening the little  
country lass out of her wits by ad-  
dressing his conversation to her. But,  
fortunately, the discourse turned on  
books. Rosa had read those to which  
he alluded, and the Misses Smilax,

who confined their literary investiga-  
tions chiefly to the fashion magazines,  
had not. Her fresh, dimpled face  
brightened up, the color came back to  
her cheek, and the sparkle to her deep-  
brown eyes.

"I wonder what Mr. Poyntz can  
possibly see in Rosa Hooper to attract  
him so," said Faustina, to her sister,  
as they turned to welcome a new bevy  
of visitors.

And presently Octavia was pressing  
wine and refreshments upon her guests.  
Rosa, however, stood quite silent be-  
side Henry Poyntz.

"You do not ask me to take a glass  
of champagne?" he said, turning to  
her with a smile.

"No," said Rosa, gravely. "I don't  
think it is right."

He colored a little.  
"Why?" said he. "Do you think I  
am in any danger of becoming a con-  
firmed drunkard?"

"Every one is," said Rosa; "and I  
don't think my cousin Faustina ought  
to be urging that gentleman to drink,  
when he has drank too much already."

Mr. Severn Fontaine, who chanced  
to overhear the words, set down his  
glass, untasted.  
"Eh?" said he; "what's that, M-Miss  
Hooper? D-do you think I've taken  
too-m-much?"

"Yes," said Rosa, valiantly; "I do."  
"Rosa!" cried out both the Misses  
Smilax, in an agony of vexation.

"B-Jove, then, I'll drink no  
more!" said Mr. Fontaine. "Th-thank  
you, Miss Hooper. I wish all l-ladies  
were as f-frank as you. You're a  
to-total abstinence man, P-Poyntz. I'll  
be one, too!"

Rosa turned brightly around to her  
companion.

"Oh," cried she, "I'm so glad!"

And Mr. Poyntz made the longest  
call of the day at the Smilax mansion.

Rosa Hooper went home the next  
day, feeling that her visit to the city  
was a grand failure. And if she cried  
a few tears behind her veil, on the  
way back, it was not, perhaps, so  
strange.

"Uncle Zabbid was right," said she  
to herself. A country buttercup is  
best in its own meadows. I am in no  
way congenial to my fine city cousins."

But the next summer Octavia and  
Faustina Smilax presented themselves,  
with two gigantic trunks, at the farm-  
house.

"It's getting too sultry in New York,"  
said the eldest.

"And all the world is out of town,"  
added the younger. "Oh, by-the-way,  
Harry Poyntz has gone to be mar-  
ried!"

"Has he?" said Rosa.

"And such a mystery as there's  
about it!" said Octavia. "All our so-  
ciety belles have set their caps at him.  
Fausty herself tried it one time."

"Nonsense!" cried, Faustina, angri-  
ly. "I didn't!"

"But nobody can guess who the  
bride is to be," added Octavia. "Lucky  
girl! I only wish it was me! But  
who's that you've got out on the back  
porch, smoking such a delicious Ha-  
vana cigar? Mr. Poyntz?—coloring in-  
tense red, with surprise and delight—  
"surely that isn't you?"

Mr. Poyntz rose, flung his cigar in-  
to the gooseberry bushes, and advanc-  
ed, with a smile and bow.

"I have the best of reason for be-  
lieving that it is," said he.

"And what can possibly bring you  
down here?" said she.

"I have come to meet my Fate,"  
said he, smiling. "I am to be married  
to-morrow,—to Rosa!" And then, in  
answer to Faustina's aghast look, he  
asked, smiling: "Didn't you see that  
I fell in love with her on that New  
Year's Day, at your home, when she  
read such a pretty lesson to poor Sev-  
ern Fontaine?"

So then Rosa Hooper never had  
cause to regret that visit to the city,  
after all.

## THE PATRIOT'S MEDICINE.

An old man, of over four-score years,  
afflicted with a disease for which he  
had been advised, by a doctor, to use  
liquor internally as a medicine, was  
presented with a temperance pledge.  
After reading it he said, "This is a  
thing that will serve our country, and  
I'll sign it."

"No," said one, "you must not sign  
it, because drink is necessary as a  
medicine."

"I know I have used it as such," he  
replied, "but if something is not done  
our country will be ruined. I will not  
be accessory to its ruin; I'll sign it."

"Then you will die," said another.

"Well," said the old man, in the true  
spirit of a patriot, "for my country I  
can die."

He signed the pledge, gave up his  
medicine, and the disease fled away.  
It was the "remedy" that had kept up  
the disease, and when he removed the  
one he was relieved of the other.—*Ex-  
change.*

Sweden is said to be the drunkest  
of countries, with Scotland coming in  
as second.

## CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL IN BOSTON, AND OTHER NOTES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Christmas day  
has been and gone. The Boston Deaf-  
Mute Society gave at their hall a most  
successful and enjoyable Christmas  
tree and festival on the eve of the 25th  
inst. Mrs. Wm Lynde, our popular  
mother, and her assistants were early  
on hand to have the Christmas tree  
placed in position on the platform, and  
to have the hall trimmed tastefully  
with evergreens. Both the tree and  
evergreens were kindly furnished by  
the father of Mrs. W. T. Carter, from  
his farm on Cape Cod. They also had  
the presents deposited ready for the  
tree until the arrangement for the fes-  
tival was completed.

Early in the evening the door of the  
Boston Deaf-Mute Society's room was  
thrown open to welcome the mutes of  
Boston and vicinity. The mutes and  
their friends poured in till the hall was  
crowded to its utmost capacity. They  
were made happy by the sight of the  
Christmas tree, which was liberally  
loaded with beautiful and useful ar-  
ticles, among which were many costly  
and elegant presents, and it was, of  
course, the chief talk of the evening.  
They spent the happy evening in speak-  
ing to each other like the following:  
"I wish you a merry Christmas," and  
inquired of one another's health, &c.

Between 8:30 and 9 o'clock an ex-  
cellent and bountiful collation, which  
was home-made, and furnished liberal-  
ly by the mute families, was served,  
and was partaken of with keen relish.

After the collation was over the dis-  
tribution of the presents took place,  
and it took an hour to distribute them.  
They were all made happy as the recip-  
ients of more or less presents, and  
thanked their givers in return for them.

At the close of the distribution of  
the presents, Mr. W. H. Krause and  
Mr. Newhall were called in front of  
the platform, and were agreeably sur-  
prised on being presented with elegant  
models of a cow and a horse, which  
were the gifts of Mrs. Geo. Homer.

She begged them to accept them in  
remembrance of the fact that it will be  
remembered. Mr. Krause spoke for the  
cow and Mr. Newhall stood up for the  
horse in the hotly-contested debate re-  
cently before the Boston Deaf-Mute  
Society, on the question "Which is the  
most useful animal a cow or a horse."

When Mr. Krause carried off the palm.  
They responded briefly by accepting  
the presents and thanking her. The  
rest of the evening passed very pleas-  
antly till the small hours of the morn-  
ing, when all went home well satisfied  
over the success of the festival.

There were over ninety mutes and  
their friends present, among whom  
were a good number of mutes who  
hailed from distant neighboring cities  
and towns. Mr. J. P. Marsh, of Thom-  
aston, Conn., formerly of Boston, was  
among those present, and we were  
much delighted to see him again.

The credit and honor of getting up  
so successful a festival, fairly and  
squarely belongs to Mrs. William  
Lynde, and she was entitled to a  
unanimous vote of thanks, which was  
passed by those present, amidst roars  
of applause.

On the 4th inst. "Black" Welch de-  
livered a splendid historical lecture be-  
fore the Boston Deaf-Mute Society.  
His subject was "Cyrus, the Great."  
On the 11th inst. Mr. Robert D.  
Livingstone treated the society with his  
thrilling lecture on "The Phœnician  
Expedition," which was an ancient  
story.

On the 18th inst. Prof. Atwood was  
greeted with one of the largest audi-  
ences ever in the hall of the society,  
and he gave a very interesting lecture,  
on what subject, I regret to say, I  
have forgotten.

Several weeks ago Mr. William F.  
Young, of South Boston, met with a  
serious accident at his place of work  
in Boston. While he was cutting cork  
the motion of the machine suddenly  
turned and threw his right hand not  
only badly cut, but the bone was  
smashed. He was sent to the hospital,  
and the doctors thought it best to  
amputate his hand. But he objected  
to the amputation, and had his wound  
dressed. His hand is now getting  
well, and will be all right, excepting  
the two last fingers, which are dis-  
abled. It is a very fortunate thing  
that he refused to have his hand ampu-  
tated as the doctors suggested.

Mr. Charles A. Douglas, of Melrose,  
who styles himself the mute sports-  
man, has two handsome Gordon Set-  
ter pups, which were sired by A. G.  
Mudge's Gordon Setter "Sam," of Bos-  
ton, from George Thompson's Setter  
"Bessie," of Foxboro, Mass., both of  
which were noted at and won several  
prizes from various Bench shows. One  
of the pups belongs to him and the  
other to his brother, Elisha, who  
boards at his home. They hope their  
pups will make good field dogs. He  
also had a fine Pointer dog, but sent  
him to his father, in Colchester, Conn.,  
as soon as he and his brother bought  
their pups.

The Boston Sunday Herald of the  
15th inst. gave an account of what is

being done in the way of physical de-  
velopment at the Boston Young Men's  
Christian Association Gymnasium, and  
also gave accounts of some noted ath-  
letes of the gymnasium, which has an  
active membership of 378. Among  
the names mentioned were Krause,  
Gerry, and Frisbee, who are Boston  
mutes. I send the following, which I  
copied from that paper: W. H. Krause,  
deaf and dumb, and weighing 185, has  
proven himself a man of great strength,  
and is sprightly. His specialty is the  
hitch and kick, and heavy dumb-bell  
and weight lifting.

A. W. Gerry, a deaf-mute, who re-  
cently walked 10 miles in 1 hour, 28  
minutes and 25½ seconds, which was  
only 19 seconds behind W. H. Holt's  
(speaking) best time, 1 hour, 28 min-  
utes and 6½ seconds, is a fine athlete.  
He is a good general gymnast, and  
makes a specialty of club swinging,  
dumb-bell, and weight-lifting, in all of  
which he is quite proficient. E. W.  
Frisbee, deaf and dumb, is a fine look-  
ing athletic man. He is a good run-  
ner, and makes a specialty of the par-  
allel bars and various athletics. He  
has won several prizes in the running,  
three-legged, potato races. He also  
makes a good pedestrian, and last  
evening (December 14,) he accomplish-  
ed the feat of walking 10 miles in 1  
hour, 30 minutes and 4 seconds.

The amateur ten-mile walk for the  
belt and championship of New Eng-  
land will take place in Boston on the  
evening of the 14th of January next.  
The entries for the contest are twenty  
in number. Gerry and Frisbee are  
among those who entered in the con-  
test, but I understand that Frisbee has  
withdrawn his entry for reasons best  
known to himself.

I see by the papers that the Knick-  
erbocker Club of New York will hold  
the winter meeting of sports at Gil-  
more's Garden, January 6th and 7th,  
and A. W. Gerry, the Boston mute,  
has entered in the 25-mile walk for the  
amateur championship of America.

SPECTATOR.  
Boston, Mass., Dec. 29, 1878.

## A LETTER FROM TORONTO.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Ere another week  
passes round that glad day, Christmas,  
when every one enjoys himself and  
himself; when separated families are  
brought together; when it is the cus-  
tom for happy couples to be united in  
the bonds of holy matrimony; when  
the deaf-mutes are made glad by the  
many presents of old Santa Claus, &c.,  
&c., will have passed. As a noted poet  
says:

Glad Christmas comes, and every heart  
Makes room to give welcome now;  
Even want will dry its tears on mirth,  
And crown him with a holly-bough.



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JAN. 9, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best and most reliable.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, \$12.50. These prices are in advance. Remittals by post office money order, or by registered letter.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

MORE SNOW--DELAYED MAILS.

Excuses for the delayed JOURNAL are perhaps getting stale, but are still in order. After apologizing in our last week's paper for the JOURNAL of the previous week being so long in reaching distant subscribers, we supposed we had virtually, if not literally, cleared our skirts for the present at least, on the score of our subscribers' long waiting for the appearance of their future papers; but Providence makes the weather and man,--sometimes with considerable unreasonable murmuring,--submit to the situation with more or less grace, in proportion to his disposition for fault-finding or his natural or acquired spirit of ready submission to the will of the Ruler of the universe; and we again avail ourselves of the pleasure of chronicling the fact that our readers' papers, except those of our village subscribers, were interrupted in their journey by the great, and, for years, unequalled snow storm of last week.

The JOURNAL was printed on Wednesday morning, January 1st, folded, wrapped, and mailed on good time, and, in good season, we supposed it was being sped on its way to the hearts and homes of its friends. But alas, for human calculations! who can, with certainty, predict the future state of the weather? and who can, with anything approaching precision, foretell the day or hour when the railroads will become mountain-peaked with that product so well, if not so favorably, known as "the beautiful" when the first train will come to grief by being "stalled" in some mountainous snow bank; when some giant iron horse will rear in the air and plunge into its temporary grave of much-accumulated "frozen rain;" or how many days or weeks a mail bag may be doomed to lie in statu quo in the nearest station to the publisher's office, and be the object of the kicks and cuffs of less patient sojourners?

To use an often-repeated phrase, the morning of January 1st, 1879, "dawned clear and bright," which, as far as that day was concerned, was a source of great pleasure; but the vision of the

"weather-wise" seemed to permeate somewhat beyond the present, into the mazes of the unknown future, and there were vague rumors, wafted here and there, that the beautiful weather of New Year's was a vain delusion,--that the day was, possibly, if not probably, a "weather breeder."

Thursday morning did not, like its predecessor, "dawn clear and bright," but, on the contrary, a snow storm of gigantic proportions, and of unmeasured resources, recorded its arrival between the two days, and people of average intellect began to think that, although there are many false prophets in these days, among all the weather inspectors, many of whom predict far from the truth, there are some who, if they do not know what sort of weather is to be, can truly say that they are graduates of good "guessing schools."

In the fore part of the day one train, freight and accommodation, passed each way here on the Oswego and Rome Railroad. When it was time for other trains to move on this railroad the company's officers came to the solid and sensible conclusion that it was a poor time for "moving,"--preferring to submit to the evils near at hand rather than try to work their passage to others of whose existence there could be no cause for doubting.

Thus ended railroading, in this locality at least; the mails were brought from the station back to the village, and the JOURNAL took its chances with other outgoing mail matter, while waiting the results of the fickle, capricious weather. Up to this writing (2 P. M. Monday, January 6th), no one here can make safe conjectures as to the date of the arrival of a train from any point. Submissively, the editor bows to the will of a kind Providence, and passively watches the maneuvering of the unstable weather.

The storm raged, with unabated fury till yesterday morning, when it became simmered down to a moderately mild snow storm, attended with but little wind, and to-day the storm is entirely abated,--for how long is a matter of positive uncertainty,--but the havoc to railroads and highways produced by the last great snow storm,--the equal of which has not been witnessed here for years,--is at present beyond all computation. Men and boys are plying their shovels, relieving roofs of buildings of their overloaded burdens, opening paths from houses to outhouses and to the streets; others are clearing side walks; and men and teams are opening some of the streets which received the brunt of the storm, and Hope, that great encouraging star of humanity, enthuses in the hearts of all a more cheerful view of the weather in days to come.

No mails having arrived since the middle of last week, many have read and re-read this and several past years' almanacs; others have begun the reading through of the dictionary the second time; and some, perhaps for the first time,--but it is hoped not for the last,--have begun to investigate the contents of their Bibles; whether the latter have found any prophetic visions of the recent immense snow storms, or have not, they have left us uninformed. All jesting aside, the snow storms of the present winter, up to this date, considering the early season at which they came, are said to have been without parallel within the memory of the oldest settlers of this village and surrounding country.

DEAF-MUTE BALL IN MEXICO, N. Y.

A deaf-mute Dancing Party will be given in Empire Hall, in this village, on the night of Valentine's day, February 14th, 1879.

Music will be furnished by Emma B. Thompson, the well-known violinist of this village.

Tickets, good for the Ball, 50 cents. Suppers, at 50 cents each, will be provided by M. Dillon, proprietor of the Empire Hall.

For the benefit of strangers, we will say that the hall and hotel are in the same block, in the central part of the village, and to obtain supper it will not be necessary to go out of the building.

A general and cordial invitation is extended to deaf-mutes and hearing people, far and near, to be present at this Valentine Ball. No pains will be spared to make the occasion one of the greatest enjoyment and pleasure.

A Table, For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

JAN. 12th, 1879.

MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 12th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson--Isaiah xlv.

2d Lesson--Matthew ii. v. 13.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the first Sunday after Epiphany.

EVENING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 12th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson--Isaiah xlv.

2d Lesson--1. Corinthians ii.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the first Sunday after Epiphany.

## The Remizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: The Remizer.

All well and happy at the Kansas Institution.

The Illinois Institution pupils had a fine Christmas tree.

FIFTY-SEVEN pupils at the Nebraska Institution, and more were expected.

THE Advance of December 28th reported sleighing at Jacksonville, Ill.

THE Kansas Institution boys have been making traps and are "dishing" for rabbits.

ORRIS Porter, a young pupil of the Nebraska Institution, took a ducking lately while skating.

THIRTY sledge runners were recently completed in the cabinet-shop of the West Virginia Institution.

ONE of the "Pupils' Local" in the Index says "There are only two female doctors in this city."

THE Thanksgiving turkeys were good, and there was a pleasant time at the Nebraska Institution.

THE faculty and employees of the Nebraska Institution were served with oyster suppers lately by Mrs. McClure.

DR. Milligan has returned to the Illinois Institution. He lately went east and attended the funeral of a sister.

EMMA Stewart and Harry Walport, pupils of the Colorado Institution, spent the recent holidays with their parents.

EXCEPT some bad colds, all of the inmates of the Colorado Institution were in excellent health at last accounts.

AS the ice thickens, the pupils of the Illinois Institution smile "all over their faces" in prospect of pleasure ahead.

Mrs. Thompson, matron of the Nebraska Institution, has gone, or is about to go, on a visit to her home in Canada.

THE Index was not issued during the holidays, in order to give the boys a chance to enjoy themselves like other folks.

IT is said that the Cincinnati day school for deaf-mutes, which has 38 pupils, now has to refuse applicants for lack of room.

MA. Sampson, Misses Palmer, Pollock, and Wright, of the Iowa Institution, lately made a visit to the Nebraska Institution.

MA. T. F. Buckley, foreman of the printing office, will go south in January to solicit subscriptions to the Mute Journal.

"FIRELESS" speech is considered with favor at the Nebraska Institution, and some of the pupils can speak short words distinctly.

MA. and Mrs. George Young recently visited the Colorado Institution. Their three little deaf and dumb girls were pleased to see them.

MISS Nellie Patton, a resident graduate of the Illinois Institution, lately filled the places of some of the sick teachers of that institution.

IN Colorado Springs, the seat of the Colorado Institution, the sun, says the Index, never fails to show himself during some portion at least of the day.

UPON the Sabbath afternoon preceding Mr. Stone's burial, his infant son was laid out in Edward Collins Stone, by his pastor in the mother's sick chamber. --Daily News, Dec. 24, 1878.

SEVERAL young ladies lately entered the Nebraska Institution as pupils. It is their first schooling, and they have to be put in classes with seven or eight-year-old children.

THE Index "compas" say they will wait till 1879 before some of them are 21 and then they would like to vote for Gen. Grant for President of the United States. --A pupil's item in the Index.

JERRY Sandidge captured a large golden eagle near Danville and gave it to the Kentucky Institution. The taxidermist of the institution intends, after it is killed, to stuff it for the museum.

HOS. M. D. Moorland, a member of the present legislature, recently visited the Colorado Institution. The Index hopes he will, as a member of the legislature, remember the needs of that institution.

THE Ohioian Society of the Ohio Institution lately debated the question "Is a hilly country a better place to live in than a level one?" According to weight of argument the question was decided in favor of the affirmative.

THE Directors of the American Asylum having asked the teachers to make temporary arrangements for Mr. Stone's duties, the teachers have requested Mr. Williams to act as President of the place, until a permanent principal shall be appointed. --Daily News.

THE Christmas holidays passed very sadly at the Asylum. A few of the pupils went to their homes, but most of them remained quietly at the Asylum. The day was marked only by the interchange of Christmas greetings and presents. --Daily News.

ONE of the new pupils of the Kentucky Institution, troubled with a fit of homesickness, slipped away from the institution one night, intending to "saddle" for home, but was captured and taken back to school, where he has since shown more contentment.

REON M. Harbert has been appointed to a position as teacher at the (Colorado) deaf and dumb asylum. We are very glad to note this appointment. Mr. Harbert is a good scholar, has had a thorough training himself in a similar institution, and, we think, prove a valuable acquisition to the institution. --Mountaineer. (Mr. Harbert is editor of the Index.)

REV. Dr. Strong, President of Carleton College, in Minnesota, the gentleman who was riding with Mr. Collins Stone, when he was suddenly killed (eight years ago), called at the Institution last week. He has been absent in Europe during the last six months, and by a singular coincidence, he arrived in Hartford the very day of the funeral of Mr. Collins Stone's son. --Daily News.

WANTS the officers of the Institute were at breakfast on Friday morning the stove in the dining-room was upset by one of the boys. A half bushel of live coals were emptied on the floor, and for a moment there was a good prospect of having a bigger fire in the house than we usually have. Prompt action, however, saved us from being burned out. A dirty floor and a delayed breakfast was the only damage sustained. --Index. (Save the "pupils" if you have to sacrifice the building. --Ed. JOURNAL.)

THE funeral service was attended on Monday afternoon, at the chapel of Asylum Hill Congregational Church. There was a brief service first, at the house, for the family and the more intimate personal friends. The Directors, officers of the Institution, and pupils, attended the chapel service. The coffin was lovingly overlaid with beautiful flowers. Rev. Mr. Twichell, Mr. Stone's pastor, conducted the services. He read comforting selections from the psalms, and from the New Testament, offered a most tender and sympathetic prayer, and made a brief address of appreciation and affectionate remembrance of Mr. Stone. The entire service was interpreted to the pupils by Mr. Bartlett. The body was then borne to the Spring Grove Cemetery, in the north part of the city, and laid to rest beside his lamented father. --Daily News.

WOLFE Morris lives at Scranton, Pa. He is a cigar-maker by trade.

MR. George Benz, of Louisville, Ky., died of consumption on the 26th of December at the age of 21 years and 11 months.

ALEXANDER Arnold, one of our many subscribers who cannot get along very well without the JOURNAL, lives at Mill Hollow, Luzerne county, Pa.

ROBERT Arnold works in the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad car shops at Kingston, Pa. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold have lost two small children, but on the 30th of September last a bounding girl was born to them, for which they feel grateful.

ABRAHAM Kowal, of Buffalo, N. Y., in renewing his subscription to the JOURNAL, informed us that he was taking a rest through the holidays and till January 2nd, when he would resume work in a factory, and that the work there is so flush that he will not only work regular, but will also do "over work."

ACCORDING to usual custom the Christmas pantomime will be given at the Deaf and Dumb Institution to-night, under the direction of Prof. Greene. The pantomime is entitled "Simon's Mishap," and will take place in the Institution Dining Hall, commencing at eight o'clock. We are requested to state that the public generally are invited to be present. --Bellevue, Ont., Daily Intelligencer, Dec. 26, 1878.

HARLEY W. Nutting, of Parish, ten miles from here, gave us a call on New Year's day. He was snowed in by the great storm, and, as much as he and we enjoyed his extended call, has for several days much desired to get back to his home. He is feeling quite uneasy on account of his protracted visit, but we are trying to make him as comfortable as possible, and we hope his present experience will not discourage him from making us other calls.

THE teachers of the Asylum met on Tuesday afternoon and adopted the following memorial minute in relation to the death of Mr. Stone: "The teachers of the American Asylum desire to put on record their deep sense of the bereavement which they have suffered in the death of their principal, Mr. Edward C. Stone. His genuine courtesy and kindness secured their love from the first, and the concessions and unwearied fidelity with which he discharged the various and difficult duties of his position won their constantly increasing respect. Eight years of the most intimate association have passed without leaving the memory of a single jar. As warm, personal friends, as well as teachers, they mourn his sudden and mysterious removal from them. To the family of Mr. Stone they tender their affectionate sympathy, and pray that the promises of God may be their support in this hour of bitter trial." --Daily News, Dec. 26, 1878.

THE Armstrong Walk.

An exhibition of the Armstrong "gait" was given at the gymnasium of the Young Men's Christian Association, corner of Tremont and Eliot streets, last evening by Mr. W. A. Holt, a promising young amateur of this city, and a member of the association. Mr. Holt weighs but 96 pounds; is five feet four inches in height; measures fourteen inches around the calf of his legs, and about thirty inches around the chest. He essayed to walk ten miles inside of an hour and thirty minutes, with the following result:

	Quarter.	Half.	Three-quarters.	One mile.
First Mile.	2 01	4 02	6 10	8 32
Second Mile.	10 25	19 34	28 57	38 33
Third Mile.	19 11	27 23	36 23	44 19
Fourth Mile.	28 20	36 30	44 31	52 35
Fifth Mile.	37 02	39 12	41 21	43 48
Sixth Mile.	40 03	48 15	50 20	52 43
Seventh Mile.	54 50	56 50	58 51	59 04
Eighth Mile.	63 17	65 31	67 43	70 15
Ninth Mile.	72 27	74 43	76 55	79 33
Tenth Mile.	81 40	83 47	85 50	88 06

Or, in 28m. 05s. Time kept by stop watch. Timekeepers--C. P. Hinkins, A. L. Estabrook. --Boston Daily Herald, Dec. 5, 1878.

PEDESTRIANISM.

FRISBEE'S TEN-MILE WALK.

E. W. Frisbee, deaf and dumb, a member of the Association gymnasium, and an aspirant for the amateur championship belt, last evening walked ten miles at that gymnasium, on the corner of Eliot and Tremont streets. There was a large attendance, and the time made by the pedestrian is considered good, he making the distance in 1h. 30m. 4s. The timekeepers were Messrs. C. P. Hinkins and A. L. Estabrook. The following is the time by quarter and half miles:

	Quarter.	Half.	Three-quarters.	One mile.
First.	1 39	3 42	5 37	8 02
Second.	10 12	22 21	34 30	46 54
Third.	19 10	31 20	43 28	55 53
Fourth.	28 12	39 20	52 31	64 35
Fifth.	37 32	48 47	61 40	73 42
Sixth.	46 47	57 55	70 51	82 45
Seventh.	55 55	66 05	79 10	91 45
Eighth.	64 55	75 11	88 17	100 47
Ninth.	73 59	83 18	97 25	109 57
Tenth.	83 18	92 29	101 37	118 04

THE Amateur Championship Belt, a description of which has already been given in these columns, is creating great excitement among amateurs, not only of New England, but of New York. A number of entries have been sent in from members of New York clubs, but, as the rules specify residents of New England only, they will of course be barred out. As the entries close next Saturday, those who have not sent in their names, will have no time to spare. The belt, which is being manufactured by Bigelow, Kennard & Co., will be finished the latter part of the coming week, and will be placed on exhibition in one of the show windows of a hog store, on the corner of West and Washington streets, on Friday or Saturday. From there it will be transferred to the Jewish fair. It will be one of the handsomest prizes ever offered in this country for amateur athletics. All entries for the contest should be addressed to C. P. Hinkins, secretary of the belt committee, B. Y. M. C. Association gymnasium. --Boston Herald, Dec. 15, 1878.

A man in Troy, Kansas, publishes the following notice in the local newspaper: "Whereas, when I am intoxicated I am not competent to make contracts, and whereas I have been taken advantage of on several occasions recently in such contracts, I hereby notify all persons that I shall not hereafter fulfill any contracts made by me when drunk."

Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

48-ly

## Local Paragraphs.

Mrs. Theodore Baraer is quite sick. The weather to-day (Tuesday) continues to hold very mild.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer, of Rome, are visiting at J. W. Larkin's.

During the last great snow storm some of our citizens ran short on wood and coal.

Mrs. Hiram Barber has lately been worse, but is now said to be a little more comfortable.

Charles Cunningham, of Oswego, came out and spent New Year's with friends in this village.

Mrs. Gere, who went to Iowa last spring, returned last week, and arrived at Prattville New Year's day.

W. H. Tillapaugh, who went to Oswego to qualify as Deputy Sheriff, was caught by the big storm, and footed it back home last Sunday.

We are told that we were incorrect in speaking of Mr. Washburn's name last week, and that it is FRANK, and not ELIOT, as we called it.

New Year's day was one of the finest days we have had this winter, and was quite generally observed as a holiday by the people of this village.

The funeral services of the late Mrs. Washburn were held last Thursday, and, considering the storm and bad roads, were very well attended.

Mr. Wright, of Scriba, a brother of M. L. Wright, and who attended the funeral of L. H. Conklin, was snowed in before he returned home.

A new bridge has lately been put up in the hollow, near Robbins & Son's mill, in place of the one destroyed by the freshet a few weeks since.

The funeral of Miss Ruth Pepper will be held to-day (Wednesday) at 2 P. M. at the residence of Thomas Pepper. Services conducted by Rev. Dr. J. Cross, rector of Grace Church.

During the entire day last Friday no teams were seen on our streets, and but very few pedestrians, owing to the severity of the storm and the drifted condition of the roads, streets, and walks.

Miss Ruth Pepper, who has gradually been failing for some time past, died at about 1 P. M. last Sunday. Ruth was a good girl, and will be very much missed by her many friends.

It is reported that about seventy railroad passengers are snowed in at Richland Junction. Among others is William Hunter, of this village, who is on his way home from a northern visit.

A large gang of men are shoveling snow from the railroad track, many being glad to embrace the favorable opportunity for earning ninety cents a day after having been out of work for some time.

In consequence of the great storm not many felt much church-inclined last Sunday, and the only services held, and those not largely attended, were in the evening in the Sunday-school room of the M. E. Church.

The funeral services of Clayborne Cole will be held Thursday, January 9th, at the residence of his father, H. L. Cole, Esq., at 1:30 P. M., and from thence to Grace Church. The services will be conducted by the rector, Rev. Dr. J. Cross.

The storm prevented Rev. J. R. Lewis from getting here to preach his first pastoral sermon of the Presbyterian Church of this village last Sunday, but he is expected this week if the trains are running.

Rev. J. H. McGowan, pastor of the Baptist Church of this village, went to Thomas' Corners and took part in a "watch meeting" Tuesday night, December 31st. The reverend gentleman had some poor roads to travel over in getting to the meeting, but he is not one of the kind to stand back for such small affairs.

Clayborn Cole, or "Dip," as he was familiarly and almost invariably called, who has been running down for some time past, died quite suddenly early last Sunday morning. "Dip" was well and favorably known, in health was all joy, pleasant in business, full of ambition, and will be greatly missed by his many friends and associates.

Eugene Tripp, of Prattville, who has been sick several years with consumption, died last Thursday. He was at times a great sufferer, but endured his affliction with more than an average patience till death relieved him of all his pains. In the war of the Rebellion he enlisted for two years in one of the New York regiments, and served his time faithfully as a good soldier.

Jason Wright butchered and sold a hog last week which attracted much attention on account of its great size and heavy weight. The age of the hog, which was said to be two years and three months, was young, compared to the weight of the dressed meat, which was 740 pounds, and the meat was far from being coarse-grained for a carcass of that size. The monster hog was purchased by Barker Brothers.

The funeral services of the late County Treasurer L. H. Conklin, having been postponed on account of the inclemency of the weather, were held on Tuesday afternoon, December 31st, at the house at 2 P. M. and in Grace Church at 2:30. The weather proved very fine, and the services were largely attended, many being present from remote localities. A large number of people were unable to gain admission inside of the house, quite a number of the Board of Supervisors were in attendance, and a large number of the Masonic fraternity, both local and remote, participated in the sad ceremonies.

Wednesday morning; symptoms favorable for some more snow.

The students at home on vacation are detained by the blocked roads.

Vincent Stone, of this village, has been appointed Assistant District Attorney.

The funeral services of Eugene Tripp will be held Thursday, January 9th, at 1 P. M. at the house.

William Hall is moving his barbering business into Almeron Thomas' building next to the store of Stone, Robinson & Co.

Miss Fannie Becker was made very happy by a very fine party in honor of her birthday in the evening of New Year's. All who were there enjoyed it very much.

Hiram Baker arrived home just before the first great snow storm. He had been away for two or three months on a business trip in some of the western States.

William Hurter, who, with other railroad passengers, was stormed in at Richland Junction, walked to Pulaski last Sunday, stopped over night, and reached home Tuesday.

The funeral services of the late Mrs. George Wheeler, which were postponed on account of the storm, were held on Tuesday, the 7th inst. Mrs. Wheeler was an exemplary Christian lady, a worthy member of the Presbyterian Church of this village, was a devoted wife and affectionate mother, and will be greatly missed by her many friends.

"Just for lack," and to keep his hand in the business we presume, Mr. McRae, or "Shorty," as he is usually called for short, has been in several times lately and given us quite a lift at type-setting, for which, in the absence of more substantial remuneration, he is entitled to our thanks, hoping that he may succeed in obtaining a more lucrative position.

Postmaster Alfred, thinking the people here ought to have some kind of communication with the rest of the world, and tired of waiting for the removal of the snow from the railroad, sent to Oswego for mail by private conveyance on Tuesday of this week; and L. L. Virgil, wishing to supply a large number of his patrons with one of their most urgent wants, went to Oswego with a team to get a large supply of old and new newspapers.

L. L. Virgil went to Oswego with a horse and enter Tuesday, taking the mail with him. On his way he met a party of Mexicans, who had been snowed in at Oswego, coming home by private conveyance. With the party was T. W. Skinner, who had in charge accumulated mail matter from that city, and back numbers of the Times and Palladium. Mr. Virgil returned the same evening, bringing fresh papers and some more mail.

The marriage of Mr. Ellsworth Smith and Miss Leahy Green was celebrated New Year's day at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. V. Green, and was attended by a large number of the relatives and friends of the bride and bridegroom. We extend our hearty congratulations to and many good wishes for the long life and future happiness of the newly-married pair.

As we usually go to press one or two days earlier than the date of our paper, we recently announced that Mr. Job Turner, the missionary, had arrived in town and was making us a visit. The visit was promised and the visitor was expected to arrive before the JOURNAL could reach its nearest readers; but the big snow storm came on, the railroads became blocked, the trains were delayed, travel stopped, and our friend Turner was detained in Syracuse with other friends until the blockade was raised, and, having enjoyed so much of a visit there, time for a trip here failed him, and he left for New York, on his way to prosecute his deaf-mute missionary work in the South until next spring, when, upon his return to the North, we hope Mr. Turner will be able, if the snow banks are sufficiently reduced, to make us a visit.

Alvin Richardson, of Colosse, and Edward Halsey, of the south-east part of the town, who were in town on business last Thursday, were snowed in, and had to stay till Monday or Tuesday before they could get home. Several others, living in that direction, were caught in the storm and walked home, the roads being terribly drifted. Among the latter was Freeborn Nichols, who left his team at his father's, one man remaining to take care of the horses. T. W. Skinner and Delos Nichols were among those snowed in at Oswego. The latter footed it to his home, 15 miles, in the drifts, deep snow, and blinding storm of last Friday, being eight hours, and stopping but once, on the route. Harley W. Nutting, a deaf-mute, of Parish, was visiting at the house of the editor of the JOURNAL



## Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

### NOTES FROM PROF. JOB TURNER.

NEW YORK, Dec. 30, 1878.  
MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I think I had better avail myself of my detention here to write to you from this city this evening, instead of writing from Baltimore as I intended.

I am, unfortunately, detained here by the sudden absence of the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet in Philadelphia, who is, however, expected to-night. After I have made satisfactory arrangements with him, I shall fly down South at once, and he will join me in Baltimore on my great Southern trip, on the 7th of January, 1879.

You cannot form an idea how sorry I am not to have been able to visit you at Mexico, as I fully proposed doing, on account of the snow storms, which are said to have exceeded in severity any experienced for 30 years. I was snowed down in Syracuse about two days, and therefore decided to take a flying trip to Baltimore at once, but Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's absence stopped me here last Saturday night.

Allow me to give you a few items worth writing.

After a pleasant sojourn of two days with Mr. and Mrs. Denton, I left Geneva on Saturday morning, December 21st, in a heavy snow storm, and Messrs. Rumrill and Miles, both fine deaf-mute gentlemen, kindly met me at the Syracuse station and escorted me to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. B. Austin Avery on James street, the finest in town, who has a fine deaf-mute niece and under whose respectable roof I made a comfortable home about a week during the snow storms.

Allow me to say a word about their ancestry.

Their uncle was Captain Moses Rogers, of New London, Conn., who commanded the first steamboat on the Hudson River, the "Fulton"; the first steamboat on the Delaware River, the "Phoenix"; the first steamboat on Chesapeake Bay, the "Eagle"; the first steamboat between Charleston and Savannah, no name known, and the first steamship across the ocean, the "Savannah." The day before the departure of the Savannah President Monroe visited her, and took an excursion in her down New York Bay. I remember to have seen one of her boilers at the Centennial Exposition.

On Sunday night, December 22d, a service for deaf-mutes and others was conducted in St. James' Church, at that place, by the Rev. Dr. Clark and the writer, in the usual way, in spite of the snow storm, which was raging at that time.

On the night of my arrival I gladly received pleasant calls from Messrs. Rumrill, Miles, Doran, and Wood, and Mrs. Wood, and passed the evening with them pleasantly.

Last Friday evening I was compelled to give up visiting you on account of the railroads being blocked, and especially because I was afraid that my detention would throw my southern appointments into confusion. So I started for Albany, and, stopping at Rome about two hours, called on Professor Nelson, who gave me a substantial lunch, at his home, which his lovely wife prepared for me. While I was taking the lunch he invited into the parlor his teachers, except Messrs. Johnson and Selinay, with whom I had hurried chats. The professor gave me a nice sleigh ride, which I enjoyed very much. He showed me a new, large building for the institution, while we were going to the depot.

Then I got off, and, reaching Albany at about sunset, I received as cordial a welcome from my faithful friend, Mr. John T. Southwick, as usual.

I left Albany last Saturday at 3 p. m. and arrived here at 7:30 p. m. I go to Philadelphia to-morrow.

Sincerely yours,  
JOB TURNER.

### A CHRISTMAS TREE IN BIDDEFORD.

BIDDEFORD, Me., Dec. 29, 1878.  
EDITOR JOURNAL:—Christmas was a very pleasant day, but cold. There has not been much snow to speak of.

The deaf-mutes of Biddeford and Saco celebrated Christmas with a nice Christmas tree and a supper at the residence of Mrs. Owen Hutchins, of Biddeford. There were about 20 deaf-mutes, four of whom came from a distance; there were also about a dozen speaking ladies and gentlemen, who were interested in seeing the deaf-mutes talk in signs, it being a dead language to the most of them. With a few exceptions, they all enjoyed themselves very nicely. Luncheon was served at half-past 12 o'clock, with an oyster and clam stew, after which the tree was bereft of its food, among which were many valuable and useful presents. I will mention a few of them. It may interest your readers.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Page received a very handsome and costly Bible, from Miss B. There were also many fancy and pretty articles, in wood, from Mr. Littlefield, of Kennebunk. There were many valuable works of poetry, and many picture-books. One of the best of the presents was a comic picture from Mrs. Owen Hutchins, which delighted the receiver very much. There were also many handsome articles, too numerous to mention.

There was much laughing and shouting when Santa Claus appeared; for who ever heard of a Christmas without a Santa Claus? Mr. Oliver Dearing played Santa Claus to perfection. Games were then proposed and carried on until supper was served, at half-past 5 o'clock, which was very nice and was enjoyed very much by the partakers. Then we separated with good wishes,

and many thanks to our kind host and hostess, who so kindly and generously spent their time and labor to make it the best and most pleasant Christmas we have spent for some time.

Hoping that all of your readers enjoyed as pleasant a Christmas as we, and that they will enjoy many more, I will close with a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.  
JUNE.

### A LETTER FROM MRS. E. M. GRAY.

BROOKLYN, E. D. N. Y., Dec. 26, 1878.  
FRIEND RIDER:—Christmas is over, but from my heart, I did wish yourself and wife and all our dear deaf-mute friends a merry Christmas. Yes, and many of them; and now I mean to get ahead of old Father Time as I wish you and all your patrons a very happy New Year.

I left Cincinnati on Sunday night last on the 9:30 train en route for Brooklyn, N. Y., to spend the Christmas holidays with my own dear children, Mr. and Mrs. Tiff, and my Leonora. I arrived at home on Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock, and was met by them, with hearts brim full of love, and beaming, glistening eyes. We sat down to a good Christmas dinner, and enjoyed the pleasant family party in the evening. Among the guests was Miss Sarah A. Emanuel, one of Leonora's choice friends. My visit must necessarily be short as professional duties call me to Cincinnati. Leonora accompanies me to spend some months. As she goes to Cincinnati a stranger her mother hopes that the deaf-mutes at Cincinnati will call on her so that she and they may become acquainted and interested in each other, and be mutual helpers in the God-like work of blessing others. Yours truly,  
Mrs. E. M. GRAY, M. D.

### POTSDAM DEAF-MUTE NEWS.

POTSDAM, N. Y., Dec. 30, 1878.  
EDITOR JOURNAL:—An example. Will you be kind enough to insert in your paper that I am glad to see it growing better every week? It, indeed, shines over the deaf-mutes, and it must enlighten or cultivate them well.

I frequently visit Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Winslow, deaf-mutes, of Potsdam, and enjoy their social conversation. Mr. and Mrs. Winslow received \$150 worth of Christmas presents from the kind people of Trinity Church, on Christmas morning. Mrs. Winslow received a handsome sum of money, and other useful things, in a large box from her brother of St. Louis, Mo. James H. Winslow had a nice gift of five plugs of smoking tobacco, each one foot long, from Florida. A sister of Rev. Mr. Howard, rector of Trinity Church, brought the tobacco from her home in Florida. She is visiting the pastor's wife during this winter. They are kind and charitable to the deaf-mutes, who ought to feel grateful towards them. They and the people know J. H. Winslow has a hard time to live in these hard times. Mr. and Mrs. Winslow seem quite happy, with good care and grand success in Potsdam. They will remember such benevolence from Trinity Church people. J. H. Winslow assisted that church in making the nicest Christmas tree I ever saw. I am interested in the welfare of the bright Sunday-school children.

Henry Scullin, a deaf-mute, and a farmer, of Potsdam, intended to spend one year at the Montreal Institution for the Deaf and Dumb as a book-keeper. His brother James, of Texas, and another brother John, of St. Louis, sent him there to learn book-keeping before going west to follow that occupation; but at the end of one month he left his place on account of sore eyes, for fear of becoming blind. On his return home he again went to work on a farm. He is getting along well, and his eyes are well.

George R. Bishop, a deaf-mute, of Ashton, Ill., graduated at the Jacksonville Institution. He has bought 180 acres of land at Strawberry, Kan., worth \$360. He is a successful farmer, unmarried, and is our old friend.

Watson C. Blanchard, a deaf-mute, of this town, got much excited about going west, as we talked of going there. We do not know what became of him. He left here for the West last fall. We have heard nothing from him since.

Very respectfully,  
WILLIAM A. WINSLOW.

### A LETTER FROM AMOS L. WILLIAMS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 14, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Please allow me brief space in your valuable paper to speak of a few topics pertaining to myself. I have been a regular subscriber to the *Deaf-Mute Advocate* for the last seven years, and shall stop taking that paper at the expiration of the year, on account of the false charges, and in the roll of a petticoat connector with the officers of the whitewash Delavan, Wis., scandal, by which the *Advocate* has heaped and associated with the finger against my son, Prof. C. L. Williams, formerly the best instructor and faithful officer of the Wisconsin Institution for the Deaf and Dumb—a gentleman and Christian in every sense of the word and true instructor and friend.—"true as steel" to the unfortunate brethren. I wish to add that my son, Prof. C. L. Williams, is now living in Green Bay, Wis., as instructor of a private school for the deaf and dumb, composed of about fifty pupils, all deaf-mutes from the city and country.

I graduated at the American Asylum in the year 1838.

By publishing the above in the *Journal* you will oblige an old subscriber, who will do all that is in my power to promote the advancement of your worthy paper. Very respectfully,  
AMOS L. WILLIAMS.

The last man—a cobbler.

### Not Troubled by the Yellow Fever.

SARDIS, Miss., Dec. 22, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Please find enclosed postal order for \$1.50 for the renewal of my subscription for your worthy paper for another year.

Sardis is between Memphis and Grenada, fifty miles from each, on the Mississippi and Tennessee Railroad. It wonderfully escaped the yellow fever plague. There is another little town, about five miles from here, and it was also mercifully spared from that epidemic. A deaf-mute man named Lewis Means lives there. He claims to have attended school in the deaf-mute institution in South Carolina, and in Washington. He is said to be industrious at his trade, that of shoe-making. Respectfully yours,  
C. B. VOGELSBANG.

### A DOUBTER.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In one of the columns of the *Journal* of last week's issue I noticed a statement to the effect that Robert King, of Ohio, (who is better known among the students of the National Deaf-Mute College, where from he graduated not long ago, as "Bob"), claims to have run 100 yards in 9.2 seconds. What a flyer, and second to none in the world, save George Seward, of Hammersmith, Eng., who is credited with having cleared that distance in 9.4 seconds, he would be if it was true; but that he has ever accomplished the above extraordinary feat is, doubtless, wholly without foundation, and I doubt if "Bob" can even run 100 yards in less than 11 seconds. Should there ever be arranged a match in a 100-yard dash between him and Michael McPaul, now the undisputed 75 and 100-yard champion runner of his class in America, I will bet on the result in his (McPaul's) favor with any one against the former. I have no doubt that the New York sprinter (Fanwood's) pride could easily beat "Bob," even if he were to let the latter have a handicap or allowance of 3 yards in a 100-yard spin. Who will back the "Novice" from Ohio? S. S. Mexico, N. Y., Jan. 6, 1879.

### HOW IT STANDS.

BROTHER RIDER:—The controversy now going on between G. T. Dougherty and "Milo" calls me into public print once more. "Milo," wagers that not one in 20 readers have read Mr. Dougherty's letter. I will accept the wager. In New York I had the honor of being approached in the rooms of the Manhattan Literary Association, and was asked to give my views on the controversy. Nearly all of those present had read the long-winded letter of Mr. Dougherty. I gave my views, which were in favor of the National Deaf-Mute College student, and the house was brought down. In the issue of number 51, "Milo" puts an end to this controversy, and requests the Washington Irishman to address him in private. "Milo's" challenge to fight in private is a decided sign of his shame and failure to keep pace with Mr. Dougherty. "Verago," in the same number, attacks me with his eyes shut. It is nothing to hurt me because "Verago," is "Milo," as you can see by a date on which he sends his letters, "December, 1878." "Milo" does not take the point at issue, but he *wisely* indulges in such a dirty wrangle that every innocent reader sees his filthy, polluted brains, as can be seen by his 4th paragraph, "when his mother forgot to mend a hole in those premises." Dirty! Dirty! Dirty!!! Mend a hole in those premises! What shall we, innocent readers, do if the columns of the *JOURNAL* are to be used for such pollution as that of "Milo"?

But see here, I will tell the truth, no matter who is hurt. In the *JOURNAL* of October 3d, "Milo" writes from the New York Institution, and, after describing matters, comes out at the conclusion of his article with the statement that Thomas F. Fox was looked for to be made president of the Fanwood Literary Association. But in the *JOURNAL* of October 17th the same writer says that before he closes he must acknowledge his conversion to the principles of D. W. George. Such wild conjectures have been floating regarding the individuality of "Milo" that he fears if they continue some innocent person may be accused of being that notorious character, and, accordingly, hereafter he will use as his initials, "T. F. F."

How cunning was "Milo" to put at the foot of his article of November 14th "Rome, N. Y., November 11th, 1878." He saw that Jonathan H. Eddy had emigrated from the New York Institution, and there got converted, and now uses his initials "T. F. F." And at the coming election of the Fanwood Literary Association the name of Thomas F. Fox was suggested for the presidency, and to-day I am ready to swear that "Milo," "Verago," and "T. F. F." are one soul and one body in the name of *Thomas Frank Fox*.

There is so much personal bitterness in the controversy (especially on the weakened arguments of "Milo,") that I am ready to suggest the ending of the matter; but would first say to the noble Irishman that "Milo" is T. F. Fox, the four-footed Dutchman of the New York Institution, and that a private correspondence would be out of order. "Milo" clearly shows his failure to argue with Mr. G. T. Dougherty, and throws up the sponge.

"Verago" asserts that he is not connected directly or indirectly with the New York Institution. That is a sweeping falsehood. He wrote that clumsy article in reply to the always-misrepresented articles in the *Advocate* by my opposing deaf-mute printers (I say compositors) with his eyes shut,

as can easily be seen by my own statement, which is as clear as noon-day. The great flatterer "Verago" pays the New York Institution, is written at the instigation of Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet; and the stoppage of the "Milo" and G. T. Dougherty controversy was caused by the Principal, Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, who saw that his adored "Milo" was badly whipped, and that his old structure was shaking by the balls that came from the direction of Washington, D. C. If "Milo" will please knock the apple off my head, I will gladly rise and show all I know about the New York Institution, and the educational system and former pupils, and give the case a thorough whitewashing; and I will stand to the point in my arguments with the young four-footed, "Milo," *alias* "Verago," *alias*, and finally, Thomas Frank Fox, and make my own experience with the New York Institution as clear as fresh snow, and they will be as *wise* as my own name is W. A. B.

Yours for impartial suffrage,  
W. A. BOND.  
No. 71 Skillman avenue,  
Brooklyn, E. D., Dec. 21, 1878.

[We must say that Bond's swearing that "Milo," "Verago," and "T. F. F." are one soul and one body, in the name of Thomas Frank Fox, is entirely erroneous, and that Dr. I. L. Peet has, as we know, done nothing whatever as Bond intimates. He is as innocent as an angel.—Ed.]

### OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 3, 1879.

Time's swinging pendulum has marked off the last fading seconds of the dying year, and the lights and shades, the joys and sorrows, that were born amid its measured moments are now remembered with the record of long-forgotten years, locked in the oblivion of the past.

Death and birth are God's grandest mysterious twin hand-maids, working out from age to age His eternal purposes.

Each departing year tells the knell of the dying, and rings in the glories of the new-born time, swelling the eternal cadences in the harmony of God's universe. These flitting moments, woven into the span of human life, are more precious than gold, and the soul of man, through a wise use or thoughtless abuse of passing time, is clothed in fadeful beauty, or covered with everlasting sorrow. How solemn a stewardship is the God-given life we live. The child, a babe, comes to our homes and hearts; enveloped within its being are the mysteries of two worlds, the now and the hereafter. Growing out of babehood into childhood, rushing wildly into boyhood, dashing into manhood, and thence creeping down to old age to die. The world grows old—in years ago—and we who live "Spend our years as a tale that is told."

The wise man said, near three thousand years ago "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man."

The silver dollar is growing in popularity. Since gold has reached par the orders are increasing daily, a single mail calling for \$30,000 worth from the West. When the fact is taken into consideration that \$10,000 was a very good average two weeks ago for silver dollar orders, the amount now called for in one mail shows a remarkable increase in the popularity of the dollar of the daddies.

There is no prospect that a special session of the next Congress will be necessary, nor is it likely that the Senate will be convened in extraordinary session.

No conflict between the two houses is apprehended on any of the appropriation bills, and the only contingency for a special session of Congress, or an extraordinary session of the Senate, would be the failure to confirm important nominations. Thus far the President has met with no antagonism in the confirmation of his appointments, and outside of New York appointments none is expected, and should these be rejected, it is not believed it would constrain the President to call a special session for the purpose of confirming whatever nominations he might subsequently send to the Senate.

The Blaine committee have met with unexpected obstructions by the decision of the First Comptroller, who holds that the \$20,000 heretofore appropriated for the Allison committee, and which remains unexpended, cannot be used by this committee, and, in view of the fact that the investigation could not proceed without money, they adjourned to meet subject to the call of the chairman. The committee have directed the chairman to draft a resolution to make the \$20,000 heretofore appropriated available for the use of the present committee, and to report it the first day upon which Congress meets.

The resumption of specie payments on and after New Year's marks an important epoch in the history of our country. The doubts and uncertainties that have hitherto prevailed, in relation to our business future, have been dissipated. Our country has passed the fearful ordeal, and now, with restored credit, and a yearly diminishing debt, she commands the respect and confidence of the nations of the earth.

There is no longer doubt of the permanence of our system of government. Perfect confidence in our credit is restored, as seen by the success of the loans at low rates, and the probability that our indebtedness will all be kept at home. We have settled down to the rate of values recognized by the world in its normal relations. Men know what they and others possess, and financial language has a definite

meaning. This will enable men to transact business with confidence, with a full knowledge of what they are doing. We have great reason for encouragement. The crop of cereals grown the last year was nearly one-third greater than in 1876, and the rapid filling up of the West with the unemployed of eastern cities will largely swell the productions of the future. Our mining interests are assuming marvelous proportions, and adding millions to the country's wealth.

The balance of trade in our favor will reach nearly \$400,000,000 this year, and the prospect is that the future will show a large increase.

American manufacturers are finding a ready market for all classes of their productions in nearly all foreign countries. We have opened up a trade in fresh beef that is to grow into giant proportions, taxing to the utmost the capacity of the great ranches and plains of the West, while in canned meats, fruits, and oysters the demand is daily increasing. Our live stock and horses are being shipped with marked success, and our street cars, drawn by American horses with Yankee drivers, are found in many of the cities of the world.

Let us with assured confidence step into the duties, labors and responsibilities of the new year. No such future ever lay before us. PHAEX.

### J. S. TO W. A. B.

COLLEGE OF INSURANCE, PRINCETON, N. J., Dec. 24, 1878.

DEAR JOURNAL:—When inditing my letter upon "printers" I did not then know, as I have since learned, that Mr. Bond is so unfortunate as to be a printer. Had I known this fact at the time of the writing of my last letter I should have been more particular in the choice of my language, as I never wish to strike a man when he is unable to defend himself. The letter of Mr. Bond in a late issue of the *JOURNAL* shows that his opinion was incorrectly stated in the *Advocate*, and now I own that my criticism was unjust. However, Mr. Bond is wrong in supposing that I am the tool of others, for whatever I write is on my own responsibility, without the advice or correction of any one. Though much obliged to Mr. Bond for his courtesy, I don't feel at liberty to furnish him my name and address. We may meet at the convention; that is, if he can find his man. If a short sketch of myself would assist him in finding me out, I don't mind giving him a few points of my life, being, as I am, almost a total stranger to the great mass of mutes in this and the neighboring States. Luckily for the cause of science, and for the graphic force of language, there is a universal aptitude to paint with words, and to condense a catalogue of qualities in a single phrase. This art has been carried to such proportions that in acquiring, through another, a knowledge of the distinctive moral features of our fellow mortals it is by no means necessary to devote hours to query and response. An intelligent witness can convey to us the essence of a character in a breath. In like manner a flourish of the pen will sketch a portrait, and place it, varnished and framed, in our mental galleries. The colors may, it is true, be coarsely dashed in, but the strength of the resemblance abundantly compensates for the deficiency of the finish. If, for instance, we are briefly told that Mr. So and So is a "cake" the word may be derided as a cant expression. The ultra fastidious may turn up their noses at it as a slang phrase; but volumes could not render our knowledge of the man more perfect. We have him as it were upon a salver, weak, unwholesome and insipid, suited to the fancy, perhaps, of the very youthful, but by no means qualified for association with the bold, the mature and enterprising. This and such other words as we frequently use to designate individuality are the mystic cabala. They are the key to individuality, throwing open the panoramic view of the man, and forbidding his conduct in any supposed emergency.

Therefore when, without any intention of vaunting, I speak of myself as a "whole-souled fellow" the acute reader will find an inkling of biography in the term. He will understand that I am likely to be portrayed as "no one's enemy but my own," and from that will have a glimpse of disastrous chances, hair-breadth escapes, and of immediate or prospective wreck. According to the popular acceptance of the phrase, a whole soul is a boiler without a safety valve, doomed sooner or later to explode with fury, if wisdom with her gimlet fail in making an aperture; the puncture, however, being effected, the soul is *whole no longer* but becomes *hole*. I may as well here own that I have not thus been bored by wisdom, and for this reason have no pluck to reply to "Veragi's" charge of knowing nothing about printing, though I once served as a "devil," but got too much of it and collapsed. However, though perhaps below par at printing, I have a prompt alacrity as a "blow out," and have been skilled in a "blow up," two varieties of the blows which so frequently follow in the wake of each other as to be taken for cause and effect. Before the condensing process was applied to language I would probably have been called a dissipated, unsteady rogue who walks in the broad path which furnishes sea room for eccentricities of conduct; but in these labor-saving times I rejoice in the milder, but quite as descriptive, title of a whole-souled fellow, the highest degree attainable in the college of *insouciance* and jollity. It is, however, no honorary distinction to be gained without toil or danger. The road is steep and thorny, and though, in striving to reach the topmost height, there is no

necessity for burning the midnight oil in the retired study, yet the midnight lamp and many of the lamps which beam between the noon of night and morning are often accidentally smashed in the process.

I always lived uncommonly fast. I am in fact remarkable for free action and swift travel, existing regularly at the rate of 16 miles an hour under a trot, and I can go twenty at a gallop. I sleep fast, talk fast, eat fast, drink fast, and that I may get on the faster, seldom think at all. It is an axiom of mine that thinking, if not an "idle waste of thought," is a very leaden business—one must stop to think, which wastes time and checks enterprise. I probate it as much as I do poring over books, an employment which I regard as only calculated to give a man a "crick in the back" and to spoil the originality of his ideas. Such persons as "myself" know everything intuitively (?) What is reason with others is instinct in us.

When quite a shaver my moral idiosyncrasy manifested itself in a very decisive way. My generosity was remarkable; that is, I was never known to pause in giving away the playthings belonging to my brothers and sisters. In short my disinterestedness was such that I never hesitated for an instant in breaking or losing my own if sure of repairing the deficit by foraging upon others. No sordid impulse prevented a lavish expenditure of my pennies, and as soon as they were gone I "financiered" with the same liberality by borrowing from my playmates, never offending the delicacy by an offer to return the loan—a blunder into which manner spirits sometimes fall. When that statesmanlike expedient would no longer answer, "I tried the commercial system on a small scale by hypotheating with the apple and pie woman the pennies I *was* to receive, thus stealing a march on time by being in its advance. There being many apple women and likewise many pie women, I extended my business in a whole-souled sort of way, and skillfully avoided the sinking of more pennies than was actually necessary to sustain my credit. I thus prospered for some time in the eating line, and, from that early beginning, have since become of aldermanic proportions, being particularly "solid" in that portion of the anatomy vulgarly designated the "belly."

But as every good thing is sure to have an end some time, the apple and pie business, being at length blown out tolerably large, exploded with no assets. By way of a moral lesson my pa boxed my ears and refused to settle with my creditors, whereupon I concluded that the sin lay in being found out; while my ma kissed me, added half a dollar to my bank, and protested that I had the spirit of a prince and ought not to be snubbed. As the spirit of a prince is a fine thing, it was cherished accordingly, and so I spent my cash and grinned at the pie woman.

The home department of my training being thus carefully attended to, I went to a variety of "lyceums," "academies," and "institutes," and mosaicked my education by remaining long enough to learn the branches of mischief indigenous to each, when, either because my mind had become too fertile, or I had outstripped my preceptor, I was invariably requested to resign. On all of these interesting occasions I still received the cuff paternal and the kiss maternal, the latter being accompanied as usual with a reinforcement to my purse and a plaudit to my spirit. I then took a turn at college, where I received the last polish before the premature notice to quit was served on me.

Time rolled on and the elder Slooms left the world for me to bustle in. Reaching my majority, called by a stretch of courtesy the age of discretion, I received a few thousand as my outfit in manhood. My soul being too large to labor as a menial, I aspired to become a poet, but failing through the jealousy of ignorant critics, I set up for myself, determined to be a whole-souled fellow all the time, instead of acting in that capacity after business hours.

Thus stands my simple history,—since I first made a rumpus in this world to the present date. I am still as whole-souled as ever; harmless, brainless, and forgiving. Now if Mr. Bond can put up with the acquaintance of such an unsullied individual as myself he is at perfect liberty to use his discerning faculties in finding out the individuality of JOEL SLOOM.

### Sagacity of Ants.

When Dr. Franklin was in Paris, as he sat quietly and alone at his breakfast one morning, he saw a number of black ants busy with the contents of the sugar bowl. He drove them away, but they returned. Again he dispersed them, but in a few minutes they were seen climbing from lump to lump, as if nothing had happened. To try their ingenuity, he had the sugar bowl suspended by a string from the ceiling. They endeavored to reach it by standing on each others' backs; several mounted in this manner and reached upwards, but in vain; the chain of ants fell down as fast as it was raised. After repeated attempts they went away, and he supposed they had given up the matter, but presently he saw them descending the string, and dropping down upon the lumps of sugar. They had scaled the walls, traversed the ceiling, and discovered another road to the treasure.

—Mrs. Minna Kleeberg, wife of Rabbi Louis Kleeberg, of the Jewish synagogue of New York, died December 31st. She was a poetess of marked ability, and was well known in New York and foreign literary circles.

### How Lincoln Made a Match.

It was about a year before the fall of Richmond, when both North and South seemed tottering to ruin, that a young lady, who had known Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln for years, visited Washington. She was an exceptionally sensible, warm-hearted, refined woman, gifted with a marvelous voice and a graceful figure, but she was very homesick. She called at the White House, and, when she had gone with his wife into a private room, Mr. Lincoln expressed his surprise to a friend that "some good man had not been lucky enough to marry her," adding:

"I—herself would be much happier if she were a wife and mother."

A few moments later Major C—, a volunteer officer, thoroughly respected by the President, and a bachelor, came into the study. Mr. Lincoln looked at him thoughtfully.

"What are you going to do when the war is over, C—?" he asked suddenly.

"Seek my fortune, I suppose," was the startled reply.

"There it is in that room." A frank, girlish laugh was heard at this moment. "No, you can't go to seek it now; business first. But there it is."

That evening there was a reception at the White House. The President beckoned to Major C—.

"Listen!" he said. A lady, whom they could not see because of the crowd, was singing, in a voice of great beauty and sweetness, some gay song. The Major would have moved forward, but Mr. Lincoln detained him, his eyes twinkling with shrewd fun.

"Wait a bit," he said. "Don't look at her face yet."

Presently she sang a ballad with such pathos that the Major's eyes grew dim.

"Now go. She's as good and true as her song."

The good word of Mr. Lincoln probably influenced both parties. In a few months they were married, and the union has proved a most happy one.

"I did one wise thing in 1864," Mr. Lincoln said, rubbing his chin, as was his wont when pleased; "I made that match."

### Cats in the Theatre.

(From the New York Sun.)

When Ben De Bar was manager of the St. Charles Theatre in New Orleans, about seven years ago, he was frequently annoyed by the passage of cats across the stage during the performances. The place was infested with rats, and three large Toms were kept busy all the season looking after them. But, useful as these cats were, it became absolutely necessary to suppress them. They had been allowed so much license that hardly a night passed by but they would, with arched backs and measured tread, move in solemn procession across the stage, and turn the most serious performance into a farce.

De Bar at last decreed that they should be banished up stairs during the performances, and should be brought down only for the purpose of business. The stage carpenter made a kind of tenement for them by throwing an old dilapidated scene across what in theatrical parlance is known as the "grid iron," that is, the frame which holds the scenes in position. Here the cats were able to roam at pleasure, and their new quarters seemed to suit them very well. They multiplied rapidly, and were nightly visited by cats from the neighborhood, to whom they kept "open houses."

One night, however, there was an unusually large assemblage, and their weight being greater than could be supported by the rotten old scene that formed the platform for their promenading, the canvass parted, and in the midst of the most pathetic scene in "Fanchon" they were precipitated upon the stage. It literally rained cats. The astonishment of the audience, who, of course, were ignorant of the cause of the catastrophe, may well be imagined, as well as the uproarious merriment which greeted such a novel incident. The actors did not escape unscathed. More than one of them was severely scratched, and that night there was an extraordinary run on the property man for flesh-colored court-plaster.

### How Needles are Made.

All needles are made out of steel wire, which is furnished of various sizes. The wires, having been cut and straightened, are first roughly ground by water-power, and then pass into the hands of the dry grinder, who sits before his grindstone pointing each wire (which is to make two needles) at both ends. A fan wheel, as he works, drives the deadly dust away from him. The wages of the needle pointer remain the same as of old, but each man is taxed about twenty-five cents a week for extra expense of life-saving machinery. Next the two pointed wires are "gutted" in a stamping machine, and then the eyes are punched. The twin needles are then separated, but they look rough and rusty, and are soft enough to bend at a touch. They are hardened by being heated red hot, and then plunged into cold water. They are subsequently tempered by a great heat on a metal plate. If they get too little heated they bend; if too much they break. Lastly they must be polished. For very superior needles this has to be done six times; for none less than three. The polishing is accomplished in a sort of mangle, by oil, soap and emery. Each polishing requires eight hours; and when all is finished they have still to be cleaned, dried, sorted and put up for sale.

To persevere in one's duty and be silent is the best answer to calumny.



